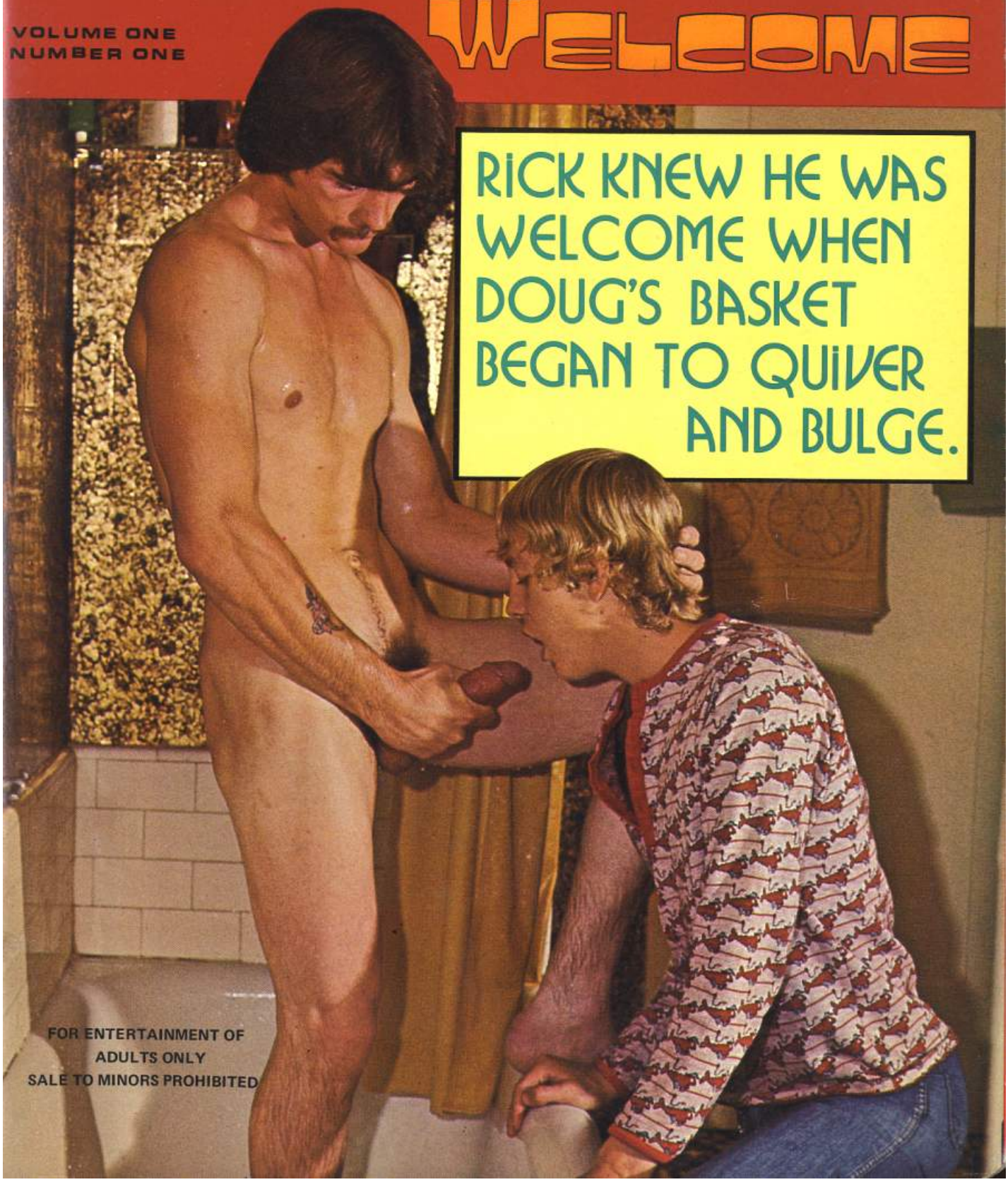
VISITORS WELCOME

$6.00

VOLUME ONE
NUMBER ONE



FOR ENTERTAINMENT OF
ADULTS ONLY
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DELIVERY SERVICE

Rick had tried to strike up a conversation with the new young man working at the corner market, earlier in the day. He hadn't had too much success. At least, that's what he thought, until he'd finished shopping, and was paying for his groceries. The young man had flashed a dazzling smile at him, and asked if Rich wanted the things he'd bought to be delivered. Rick could only stammer at first. Although he knew the small market offered a delivery service, with a minimum purchase, he'd never bothered to take advantage of it. He only lived a block away from the store, and never minded carrying what few things he bought back to his apartment himself. Now, however, the refusal caught in his

throat. Finally, it was the new, young man who broke the silent pause, laughing lightly.

"Hey.... I know you must have better things to do.... I have one last delivery run tonight. I don't mind dropping off the things for you."

Before Rick could protest, the young man smiled again, grabbed up his bag of groceries, and sat it with his other deliveries. Rick was still in something of a daze. He took the delivery tag from the guy, who had one of those plastic tags on his shirt with his name, Doug, on it. He quickly scribbled his own name and address on it, still not sure why he'd agreed to this, but just couldn't bring himself to refuse. As he handed the delivery sheet back to Doug, Rick told him he wouldn't be back to his apartment for about two hours. He knew the market would be closed by then. He was giving the boy a chance to get out of his commitment if he wanted to do so. Doug simply kept smiling, assuring him that would be alright. He for him to do. Still, he didn't want to go straight home, in case Doug came by too quickly. Rick wondered down the street, window shopping. At least he had managed to strike up an acquaintance with the new boy. He had given him the opportunity not to come over. On the other hand, Rick had managed to get him over as late as possible. That was fine, too. Rick was happy about that part. He was a bit apprehensive about having---- someone in his apartment. All

said he'd plan Rick's delivery as the last one of the night.

Rick could only watch as Doug disappeared through the double doors in the back of the store, carrying his bags of groceries to be delivered with him. There was nothing more to do, so Rick turned and left the store. Once outside, he wondered what he was going to do for the next two hours. He really had planned to go straight home after shopping. There wasn't really anything his sex contacts had been quickies, and inviting someone to your home had such a feeling of permanency about it. Rick just wasn't sure he was ready for that. The quickie, public sex had suited him just fine. Maybe he was ready for a change, though.

Glancing up at a clock, Rick decided it was time to go home. A quick clean up job on the apartment, followed by a fast shower, was something he wanted to get accomplished before Doug got there. He crossed the street, and headed back to his place. Being neat by nature, it really didn't require much work to get Rick's ultra-modern, op-art decorated apartment in shape.

He decided to grab a quick shower first, then start to work on what little clean up there was to do. He started to work on his collection of cut crystal art objects just as soon as he'd finished showering, even before he'd bothered to dress. There was nothing Rick loved more than to run around his place in the nude, cooking or

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cleaning, or just about anything. He handled the crystal pieces with great care. They were really his pride and joy. He'd inherited them from an elder man who'd taken him in at a really low point in his life.

That had been less than a year ago. To Rick, it seemed both like only yesterday, and a hundred years ago. It all started when the kindly man had found Rick, dead drunk and passed out, in the very downstairs doorway of this very building. Rick was still in the Navy at the time. The man had helped him upstairs, undressed him, put him to bed, and made love to him, real love, not just a quick blow-job, like all those other guys who'd picked up a young, stud sailor. That had been almost the beginning of a new life for Rick.

The Navy had called up many long denied urges in the young, small-town boy. It had been that man who had helped Rick see who and what he was. The single most important thing that Rick had learned from him was love, love for other men and with no shame. It was only the beginning of what he gave Rick, though. The man suddenly died, while Rick was still in the Navy. Rick was both racked with grief, and overwhelmed, to find he'd been left all the older man's possessions and money, even though he'd known him for such a short time. That really began Rick's new lease on life. Before that, the young sailor had no plans for the future, or idea where he was headed, no ambition, and no real opportunity. Then, suddenly, he had no worries about his financial future. He was free of money

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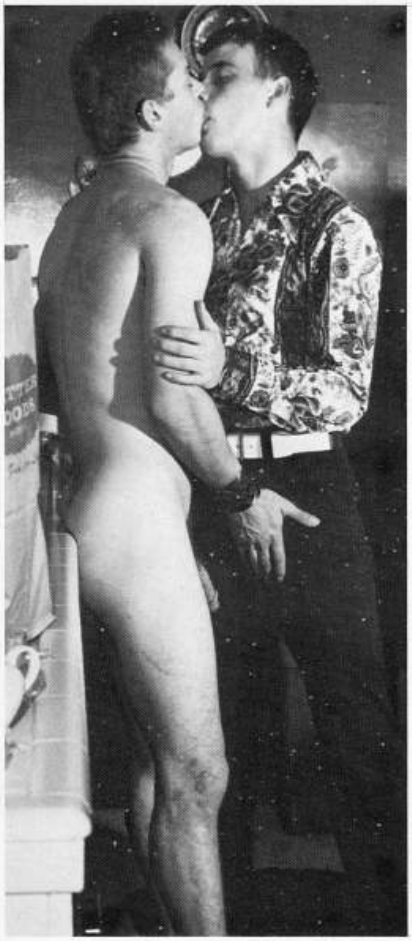

worry, free to go after whatever he wanted.

Rick paused in his cleaning. It occured to him, that what he saw in Doug, deep somewhere in that other boy's eyes, was the very same thing that he once went through----some restless, lost, wondering feeling. Rick knew it well. He knew it until he found that kind man, who'd so carefully, knowingly, showed him the ways of love that he knew he wanted so much.

Rick had only been out of the Navy a few weeks, but already, living in this apartment had given him a feeling of serenity and direction, a complete acceptance of himself. Maybe he could help Doug the same way. It was like the man had told him, saying, that as soon as he got over all the bad feelings, someone would come into his life, bringing with him love, real love. Perhaps, at last,

Rick was ready for that, a real relationship, instead of all those quickie pick-ups. If he was only right about Doug, and the boy himself was ready, and could be shown.

Rick glanced at the clock. He'd been lost in his thoughts for nearly half an hour! It was late, and there was still a little clean up to be done in the kitchen. He did a fast check of the living room. All was in order. With a fast trot, he headed to the kitchen. He quickly washed out the few dirty dishes. A sudden over-splash cascaded drops of water all over him. He sat the last glass in the drainer, and made a fast trip to the bathroom to grab a towel to dry off. As he headed there, the doorbell rang. Rick was sure it had to be Doug. He yelled out that he'd be just a second. Pulling down a towel, and drying himself off quickly,

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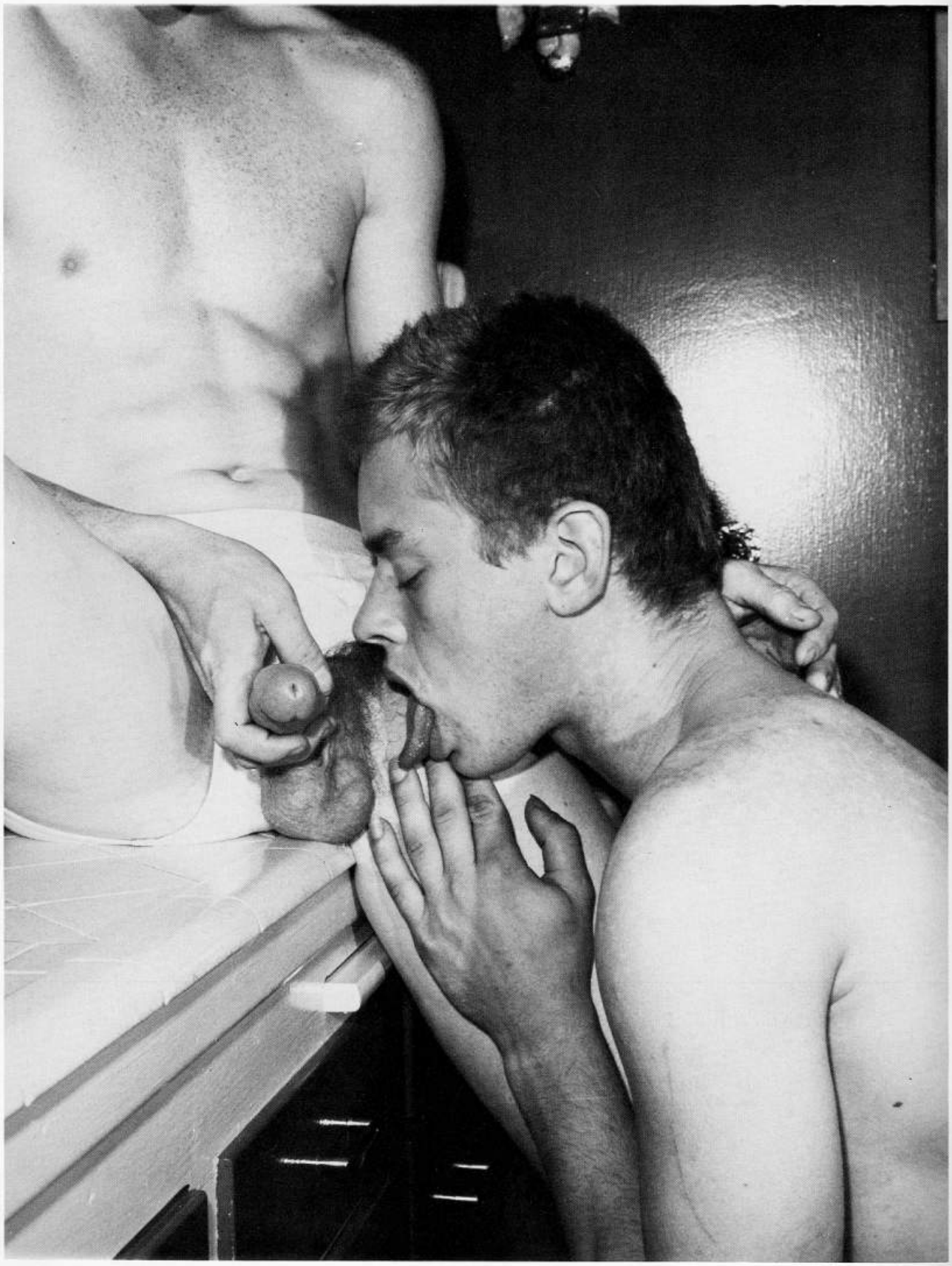

towel he was wearing.

Rick asked Dough if he'd like some coffee. He was quick to accept. As Rick was preparing it, he could feel the other boy's presence close behind. He turned. Doug was right there, almost touching him. He hesitated, then moved slightly closer to the boy. Doug touched him on the shoulder. That touch was like fire on his skin. They just stood there for a few seconds, with Doug's hand on Rick's shoulder.

Rick glanced down at the boy's crotch. He had a huge, throbbing hard-on, clearly visible under his pants. Rick acted quickly, pulling Doug in close. A hot, wet kiss was pressed on Doug's lips. Doug was just as quick to respond. His hand ran along the top of Rick's towel, he wrapped it around his waist and bounded to the door.

It was Doug. Rick led him into the kitchen to drop off the bag. Rick was quick to strike up a conversation this time. He learned that it was exactly as he thought. He'd read those tell-tale signs correctly. Doug was undecided and had no direction at all. He, too, had just recently gotten out of the service, his was the Marine Corps, and was only working at the market until he could find something better. Hopefully, something he really----wanted to do----that would really hold his interest. Rick became aware that, as Doug was talking to him, his eyes were making their way up and down his body. Rick felt as if those burning eyes were trying to work their way under the

loosened it, and whipped it off. The young ex-Marine was trembling, as he grabbed the guy's cock in a fast fist grip. He trailed his kisses down the blond's chest, pausing to nibble one one of his pebble hard nipples, before dropping to his knees. Rick's cock sprang to hard, throbbing life. Doug

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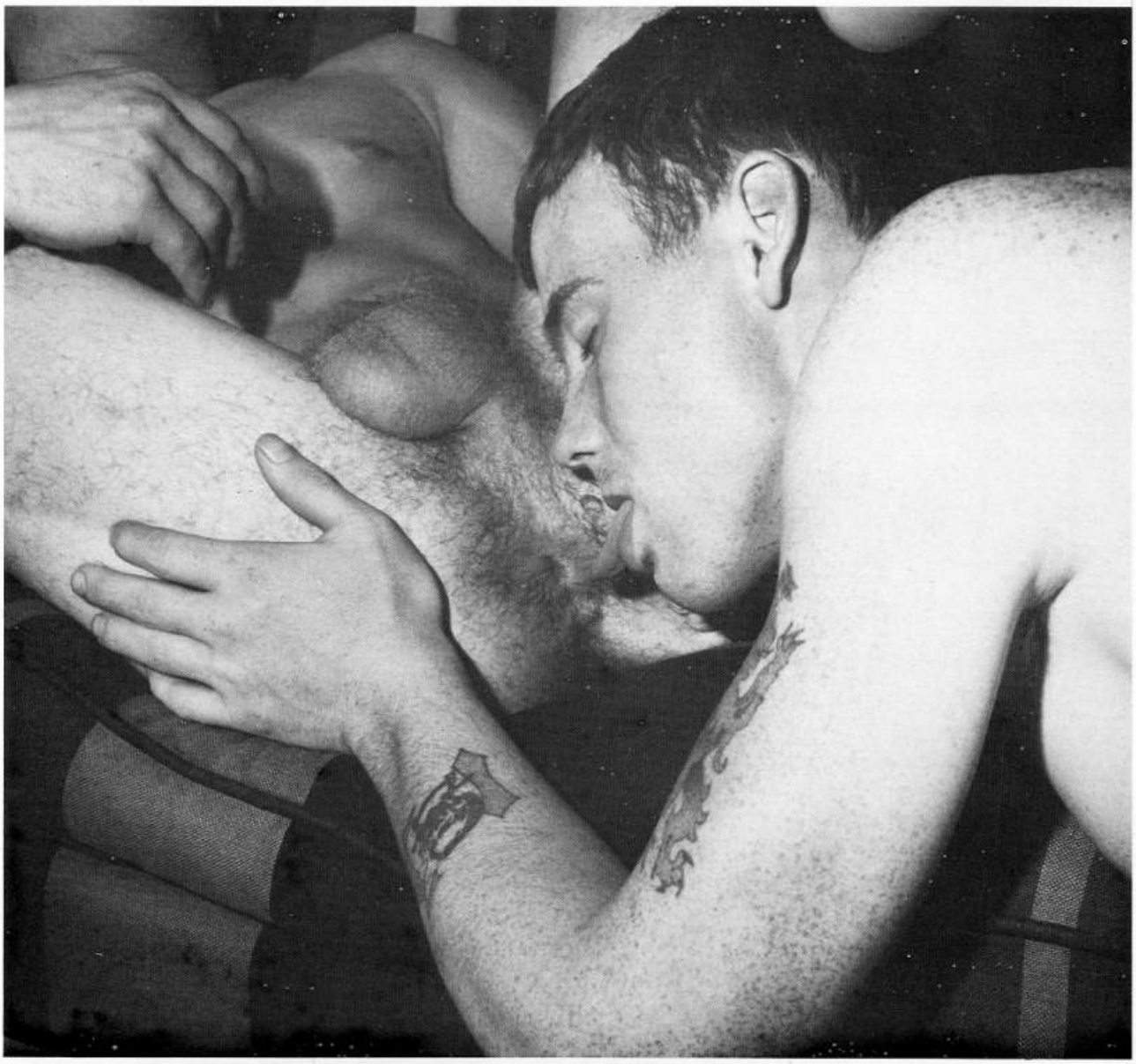

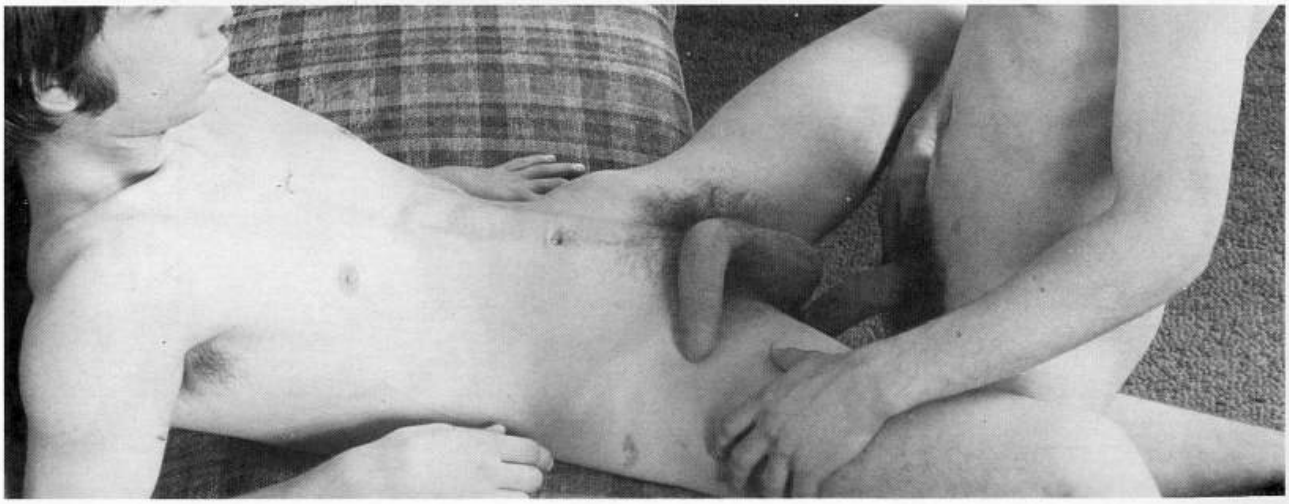

worked the hard fuck tool in his throat as fast as he could, taking it back and forth, deep into his throat.

Rick took the hot mouth action on his cock as long as he could. He didn't want to shoot, yet. Pulling Doug to his feet, he gripped the young guy's cock through the fabric of his pants. Doug responded, stripping quickly. Not quite fast enough for Rick though. Even before he had time to get his shorts all the way off, Rick pushed him back, and slipped his hard tool out from under the leg of his shorts. The blond ex-sailor really went to work on that hard, ready prick.

Doug moaned, thrusting his hips forward to meet the warm sucking mouth. It had been too long since he'd gotten his nut off. He had a buddy who took him off regularly while he

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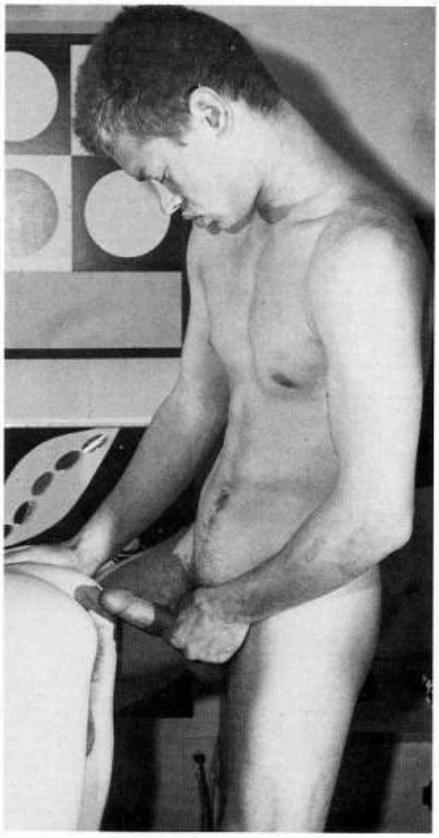

was still in the corps, but since his discharge he'd been too afraid to admit that what he really wanted was another guy.

He'd certainly been too scared to go out looking for a sex partner. He wasn't exactly sure about how to go about it, anyway. The only thing he was really sure of, was that he wanted it badly. He wanted it right now! He enjoyed it, he always had. He even wanted someone to fuck him in the ass again, the way his buddy had done then. Today, when he'd spotted Rick in the market, he was sure he'd found just the right one. He had that special look about him. Doug hadn't wanted to appear too eager, so he was a bit reluctant to respond too fast to Rick's attempts at conversation at first.

But, then came his idea about the delivery scheme. He'd even tried the same thing before with a couple of other guys that seemed like they were interested, but nothing came of it. It seemed to finally be working now.

A deep moan rushed out of Doug's throat. He was very close to blowing his wad. He made Rick hold off. The blond suggested they go into the living room, where they could be more comfortable. They were both much too eager. They

flopped down on the couch, pulling each other close, in a hard embrace, while getting a firm hold on their cocks.

They worked, first on each others, then their own. Doug's hard, gripping fist on his own dick was more than he could take. He unloaded a huge, hot cum load all over both of them. It ran in hot, streaming streams down Rick's legs. Just shooting-off, still didn't satisfy him. He dropped to his knees to put his mouth to work on Rick's big, loaded throbber. Rick pulled the rapidly sucking boy up over him. He took the

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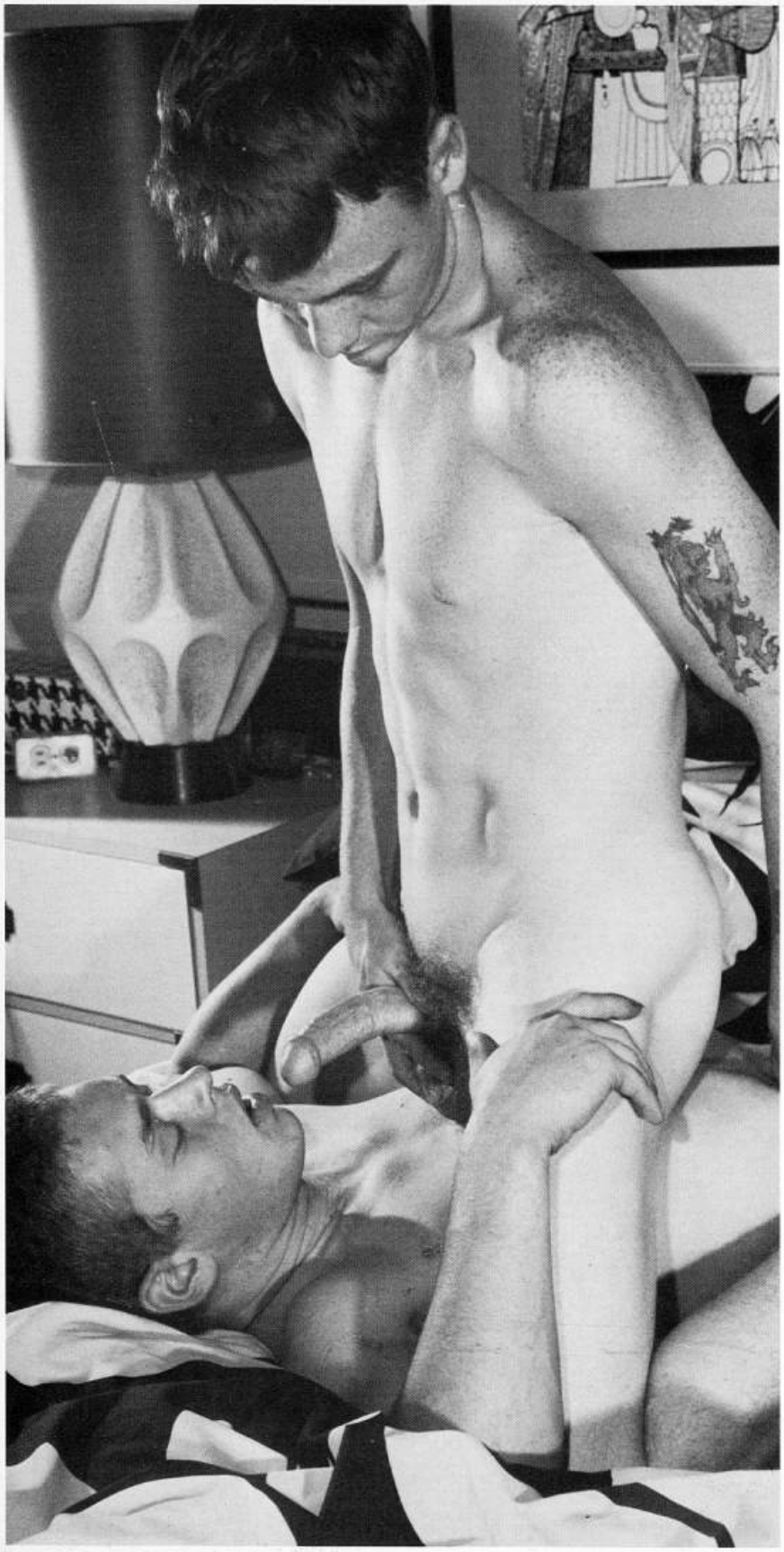


cum slicked cock in his mouth to clean the last few drops of jizz off it. Doug's tight, puckering ass-hole, right above his face, was quivering, and---- seemed to be begging for a fucking. Rick inserted a finger to stretch it wider, in preparation for a good cock ramming. The action sent Doug into wild spasms of sexual frenzy. He worked wildly on Rick's already straining cock. Rick felt his nuts snap. Before he had time to get his cock out of the wet mouth, and into that tight ass-hole, Doug plunged all the way down on it, as hard as he could. Rick couldn't hold back, and blasted the hot throat full of slick cum.

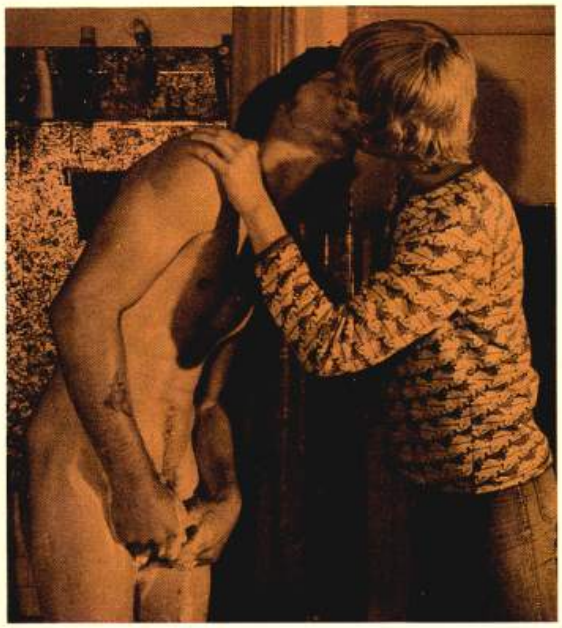
As they lay there, panting, Doug told Rick how sorry he was that he didn't get plowed by that big piece of fuck meat. Rick suggested they give it a try a little later, after a quick nap. That was fine with Doug. They lay on the bed in the bedroom, and soon dropped off to sleep, holding each other.

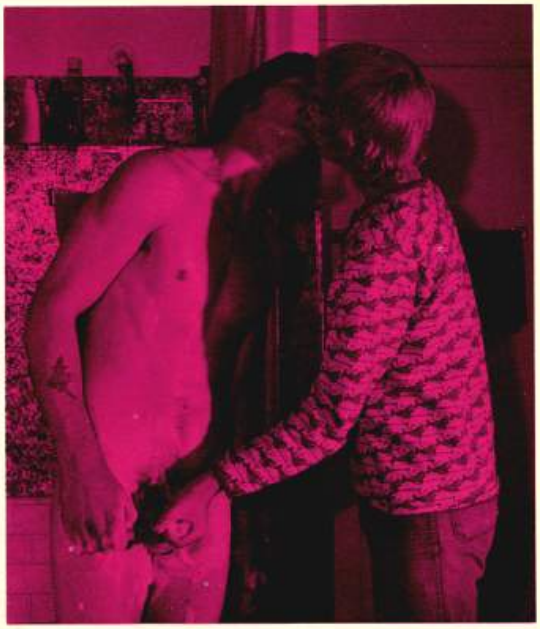
Doug woke with a start, not sure where he was. Rick was running hot kisses down his body. A quick, deep kiss on his mouth was enough to remind him, and reassure him. Doug responded, quickly recalling the blond guy's hard, throbbing cock, and how much he wanted it up his ass. The promise of having it thrust deep in his gut soon had him as hot as fire again. Rick hadn't forgotten, either. He shoved his hard dick in Doug's face, so the boy could get it good and slick in his mouth. He quickly shoved Doug's head down on the bed, and mounted that tender, upturned butt. A fast, hard forward thrust buried his cock right up to his nuts. Doug grunted, and

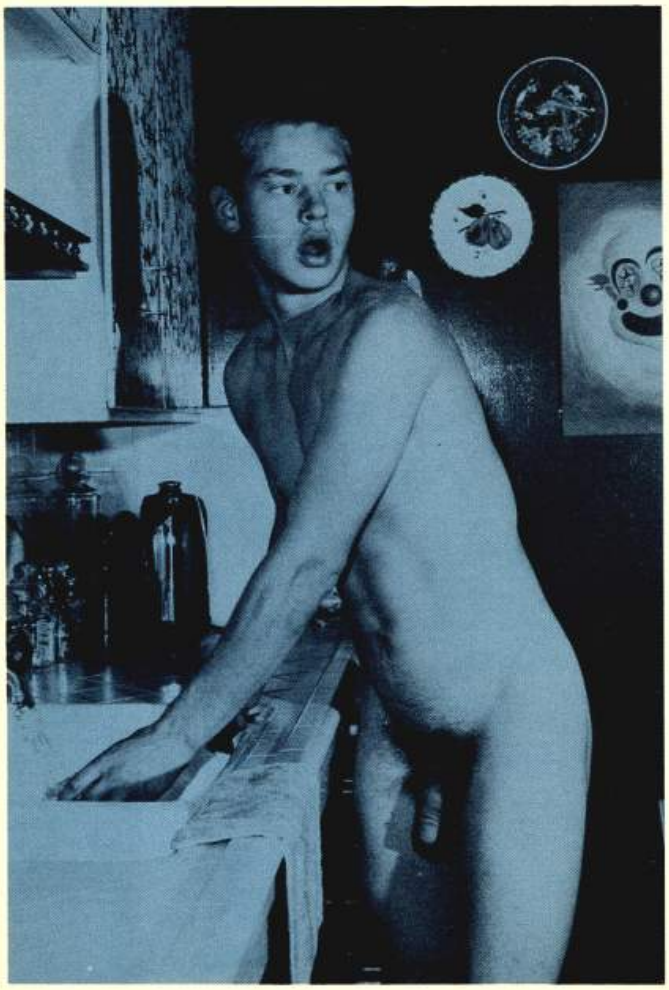
slammed his hips back against that burning intruder. It only took a couple of thrusts in that hot, clinging channel to get Rick's nuts to start shooting out valleys of hot cum, deep into Doug's gut. That tight hole was soon dripping hot, wet Rick cum.

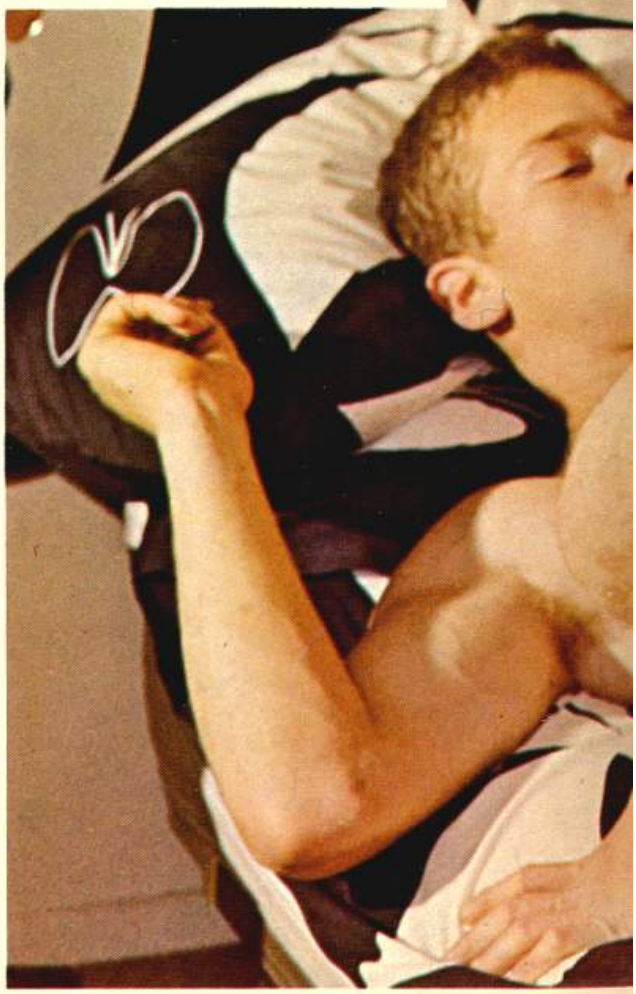
Doug's own cock was hot, hard and ready again from the deep ass fucking he'd just gotten. He flipped around on the bed under Rick. Pushing the blond back, he tried to impale the guy on his ready rod. Rick groaned as he slipped onto the stiff tool. His own cock sprang up again in quick response. He'd never been ready to go again so fast before. Much to his surprise he soon shot again, covering Doug's chest with another big, slick wad of cum, brought off mostly by the young ex-Marine jabbing his stiff meat right into his little joy knob that was deep inside his butt. After he shot, the pain in his ass was just too much for him to take. He rolled under Doug in order to take the boy off in his mouth. He didn't realize that Doug was just about ready to shoot. The action of the big dick pressing into Rick's warm lips, did it. Doug shot-off all over Rick's upturned face.

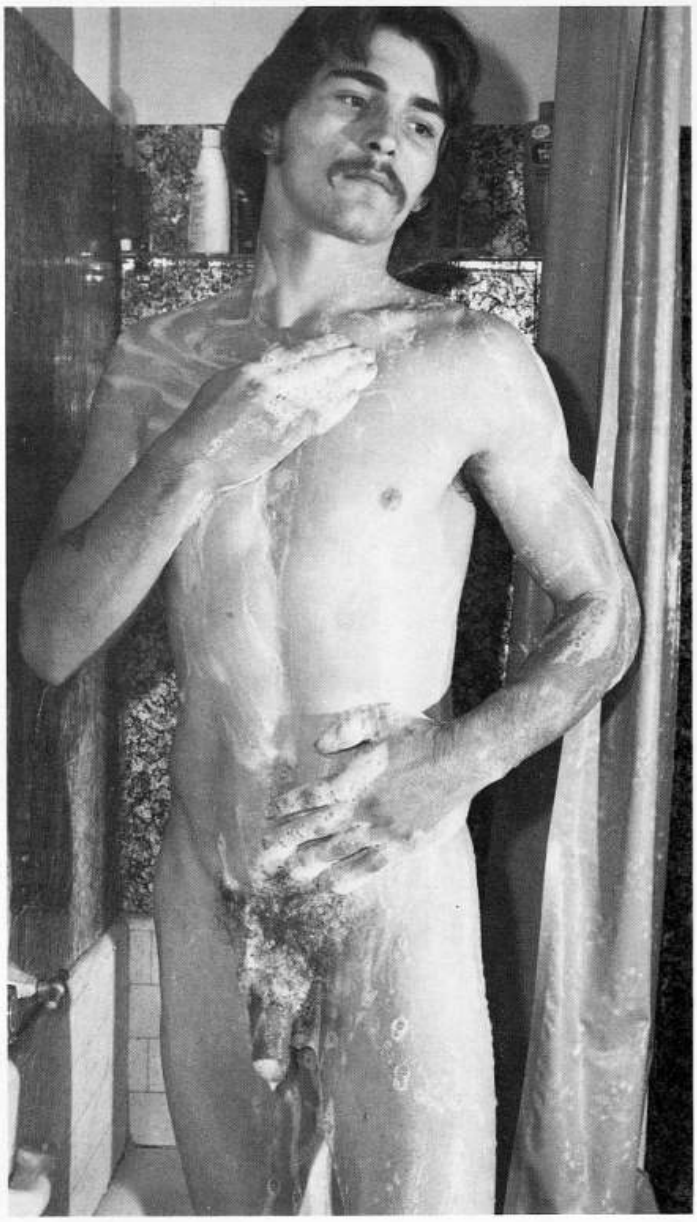
After a short rest, Doug became restless. He finally hopped up, telling Rick that he'd better split. Rick seemed to understand, but asked if he'd please give him a call later in the week. Doug leveled a gaze at Rick, then after a long pause, told him slowly and carefully, that he wasn't sure that he was ready to get involved in some heavy relationship just yet. He dressed in silence. Neither of them spoke until Rick let Doug out the front door. There, Doug turned, and with a half smile, said, that since tomorrow was Sunday, and he really didn't have anything to do, maybe he just might give Rick a call after all.











THE INTERRUPTED SHOWER

Chuck could understand the feeling well, as he stood there, stroking the firm, soapy flesh. He understood the entire trip of man love. He understood it well, too. He wasn't one of those dis-interested, lay back hustlers. He loved to get involved in any kind of man to man sex, all the way from fast and dirty, to sweet and gentle. Still, his greatest pleasure was to sroke his own body, especially with a soap slicked hand, while he was showering. He knew exactly where all this rubbing and self feeling would eventually lead. Soon, he'd have a hand full of stiff, hard cock, and shoot out a huge load of hot cum.

He let his hand run over his taut ass-cheeks.... A finger strayed to his soap filled asshole. Chuck squatted slightly, moaned, and inserted an inch of the probing finger in the exposed hole. His stiffened finger pressed deeper and deeper, into his aching gut, searching out the little buzz button buried deep inside. He located it, and began to massage it with

the tip of his fingernail. His huge cock sprang to immediate life. It was soon engorged with blood, standing out taut and throbbing in front of him. It was screaming for release. It had been days since Chuck had shot-off. He really needed this. He had gotten use to getting his nut two or three times a day at least. Now, it had been nearly three days since he'd gotten off at all. That was when his brother and sister-in-law had stuck him with a baby sitting job.

They had decided to take a vacation together, just the two of them, and had dropped off his teen-aged nephew to stay for two weeks with Chuck. This had not only brought his jerking-off to an abrupt halt, but, since there was only one bedroom in the apartment, had also ceased his tricking completely. He hadn't been able to make it with one of his regular tricks since the kid seemed to be always under feet. The only sex Chuck had managed was a quickie in a men's room the night they took in a movie.

Today, he'd been determined to be alone, at least long enough to beat-off. He'd slipped the kid a Twenty, and sent him off on a shopping spree, telling him to get anything he wanted. Perry, his Nephew, was only too happy to accept. His mom kept him pretty much ccoped up at home, so he didn't have much of a chance to get out on his own at all. This would be a real adventure for him. Perry wondered how his Uncle Chuck got his money. He never seemed to work, and he always had a ready supply of cash. Something in the back of his mind told him not to ask, so he didn't. He simply took the money, thanked Chuck, and blessed his good fortune.

The very second the kid was out of the house, Chuck headed straight for the shower. In one second flat, he was stripped and working that water over his hot body. That finger was probing his dripping asshole in no time. He jabbed it harder and harder. His tingling buzz button was really causing his juices to boil. He knew he had to cum, and had to cum, soon. Grabbing his cock in his soapy fist, he began working it back and forth, down the stiff length, just as fast as he could. He wanted to get his rocks off at least twice before Perry came back. From the look on the kid's face when he left, Chuck was sure he'd have no problems. His nuts were really starting to crack. Sparks were shooting up his spine. He was really ready, really ready to lay out a huge load of slick, hot, wet cum. He was sure he could shoot it clear across the room! That fast working soapy hand was getting the job done, fast. Chuck began panting, and turned to lean against the wall, to brace himself when he let blast.

Just as he turned, Chuck saw the kid standing in the

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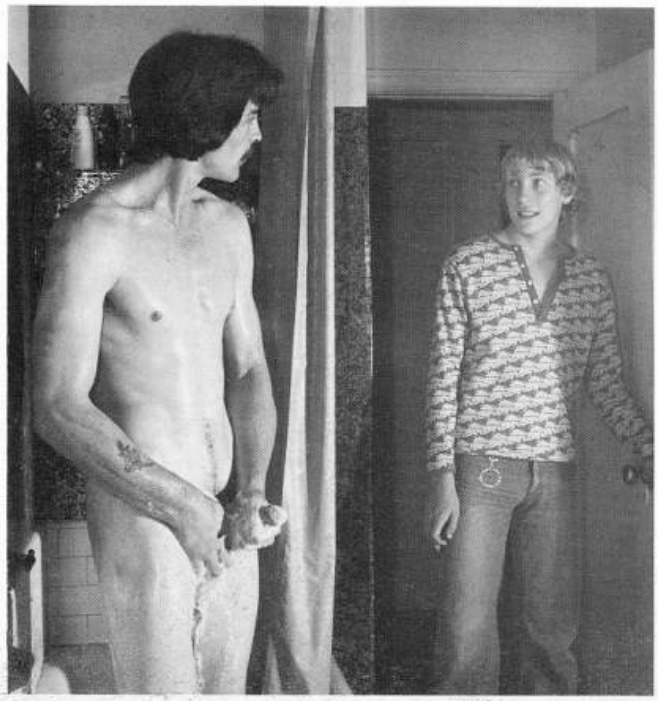

whole scene.

Perry wasn't sure how to react, what to do. So, he just stood there, staring, not daring to miss one beat of that fist. His own cock popped up in his pants, in an immediate stiffer. He clutched it through his pants, still keeping his eyes glued to his uncle's big, hard cock. He tried to speak, but his voice caught in his throat. Finally, he did manage to stammer out something about coming to get directions. He got no reply. Chuck just continued stroking his throbbing stiffer. He clutched his fuck meat hard, holding back his impending climax, and looked straight at the kid, and smiled.

"What's the matter, Perry---never seen a guy jack-off before? Haven't you jerked a little on your own cock? Maybe some other guy's, too? Never tried it? You should. It really feels good!"

Perry felt his throat go dry again. He just couldn't answer. He could only keep staring at that big, drooling fuck tool, clutched tightly in Chuck's hand. Then Chuck's voice cut through to him.

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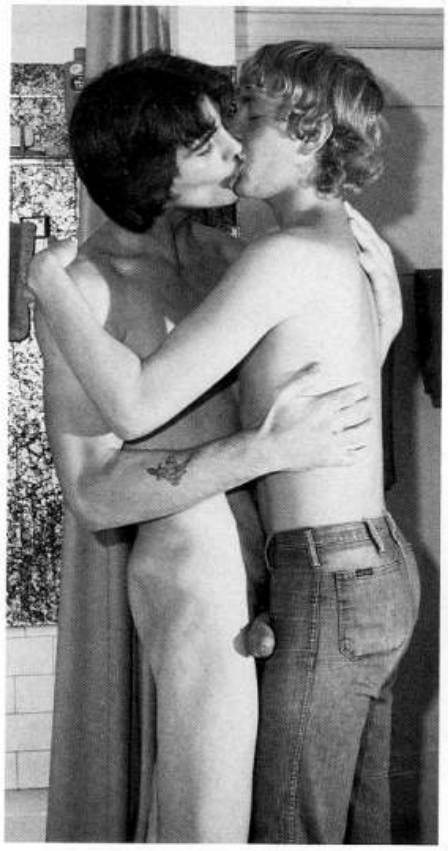
door of the bathroom, staring at him. Perry was watching him, not missing a detail, with an open mouthed stare. Chuck stopped cold, when he saw the kid. He eyed him a second, then, finally, began his rapid hand action again. He decided, what-the-hell, so the kid had caught him beating-off. So, he just kept working on his aching prick. He did move his hand a bit more slowly, more tantalizingly, so Perry wouldn't miss one bit of the action. He wanted the boy to take in the



"Come on over here----I know what you want. I----KNOW! You wann'a do it with me. OKAY. YOU CAN!! Come on over----get a big fist full of my stiff dick!"

Perry walked to the shower, like he was in a trance. The whole thing seemed like a dream. When he got close enough, Chuck pulled him to his wet body, in a tight embrace. The spray from the shower soaked him. Finally, he managed a feeble protest. Chuck merely held him closer, whispering hotly in his ear.

"Hey, look----who gives a shit about a little water. You'll dry off----you won't melt. I DO know----what you----REALLY----WANT---suck me----come----on----DO IT. Suck me----you know you want to----you----KNOW you do----get down there on my drippin' prick, and

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give it a little mouth love----suck it----suck it good. Take my big, hard dick in your mouth and S U C K----suck it HARD and suck it FAST!"

Chuck pushed Perry to his knees, pressing his hips forward, ramming the big, drooling tool right in the boy's face. Perry never had anything like this happen to him before. He was sure it was all a dream,

and he'd soon wake up. Except that he didn't want to wake up. He'd had dreams like this one before. They always happened when he'd seen one of the really sexy guys in school, stripped in the Gym shower. He always woke up too soon to find out how it ended. Now, he opened his mouth wide, expecting to wake suddenly. Chuck rammed the hard cock deep in his throat. He didn't wake up. It wasn't a dream. That stiff prick fucking him rapidly in the face, was real, and he was sucking cock, just like he'd always, almost dreamed about. Perry forgot all about the cascading water. He pressed hard against Chuck's body, trying to get that big dick deeper in his stretched throat. He want-

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ed to take that big cock in, just as far as he could take it. He really wanted it.

Perry slipped forward on the wet floor. It was covered with water. Chuck pulled away from the boy, dragging the kid to his feet. He stripped off the wet shirt, before pulling the blond kid close, in a passionate embrace. He covered his face with hot kisses. One last kiss was pressed deep in the boy's open, eager mouth. It was another of Perry's dreams coming true.

He'd dreamed about getting a hot tongue shoved in his mouth. Now it was really happening to him. He loved it. He never wanted it to stop. This was really it. The real thing was finally happening to him. Perry offered absolutely no resistance, as his uncle stripped

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body. Then he kept one hand working on Perry's nipples, and moved the other hand back down to his cock. He worked more lather up, with the bar of soap, before handing it over to the boy. He caught the stiff cock up in a hard grip, working his hand back and forth, up and down the prick's hard length. Chuck was slow at first, but then began working faster and faster, gripping harder and harder. Perry moaned, and slammed his hips back and forth to meet the gripping fist. He drove his soap slicked cock into that fucking fist just as fast as he could send it. He was moaning. Chuck stopped abruptly.

"THERE----see how easy it is----think you can handle it?

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his shirt off. Or as he pulled his pants down, and worked them over his feet. Chuck continued covering the trembling, young body with hot, wet kisses. When he had his young nephew completely stripped, he pulled him into the tub with him. Pressing the soap in Perry's hand, he hotly barked out an order to him.

"Here----wash my back man ----get your hand good and soapy, and really go to work on me----don't forget my asshole! Really get a finger soapy, and ram it in there----really clean it out for me----shove that finger up my gut----really get that hot hole clean!"

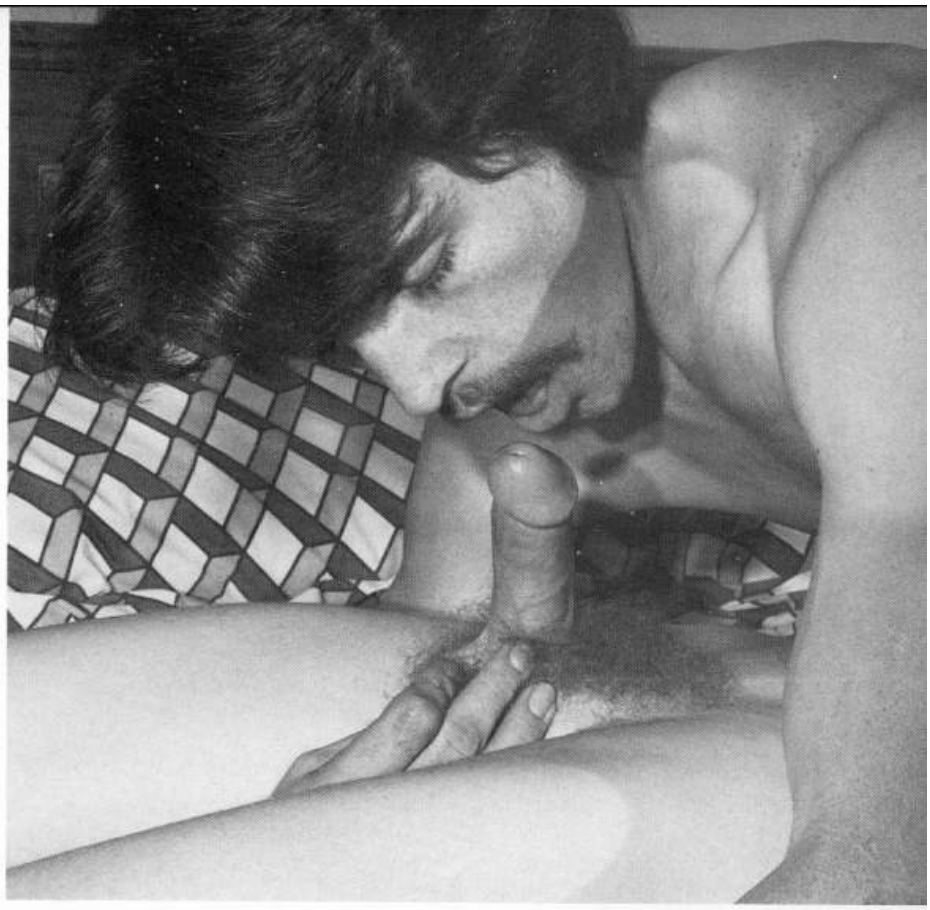
Perry just stood there until Chuck made the first move, telling the young, blond boy that he'd show him how. Chuck got a big handful of suds, and began working on the kid's cock. He moved his hand all over that trembling

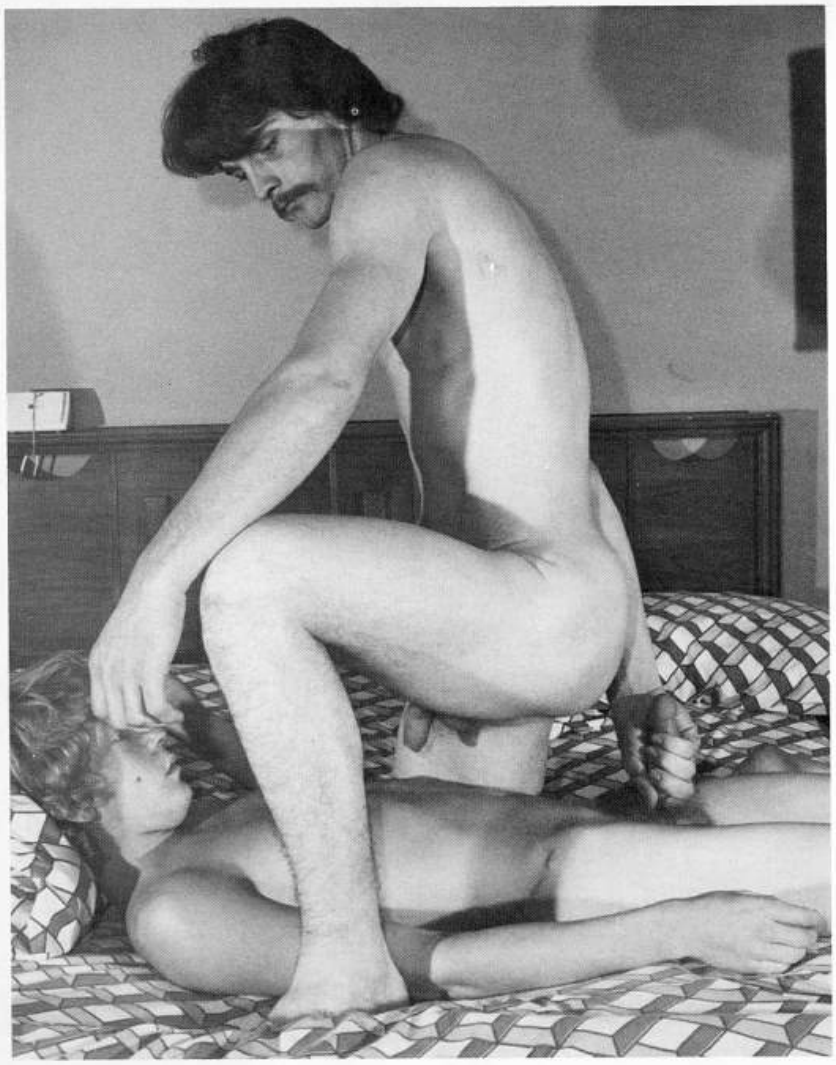
Come on----get that hand down there on mine. Do it, man----get it slicked up with soap, and really go after it!"

Perry started with Chuck's shoulders, very tentatively. He began working his hand slowly, but more surely, down Chuck's back, while keeping a soapy grip on his fuck rod. His rubbing hand got surer and surer. He clutched one of the tense butt cheeks in a firm grip. With a sudden push, he bent Chuck over slightly, and let his finger probe the slick, soapy pucker hole. He could feel Chuck press back against the soapy invader. He rammed his finger in as hard, fast, and deep, as he could send it. A crackle of excitement jiggled Chuck's nuts. He was closer than he thought. He whirled around, shoving his big, drooling cock in Perry's face.

"DO IT----DO IT NOW----now, now, now----SUCK ME----man, please---take it. TAKE ME! NOW----NOW----NOW----I'm ready to SHOOT!"

In his trembling, first excitement of doing it, Perry bit down too hard on that huge piece of fuck meat being thrust into his mouth. The hard, teeth edged pain, took the immediacy off Chuck's horny. His sexual frenzy subsided with the pain, as the cum cooled in his balls. He yelled out at the painful bite. Muttering a slight curse, he shoved Perry back, so he was sitting on the edge of the tub. Chuck knelt beside him, and told the boy to pay attention. He was going to show him how it was done. He wanted him to watch and feel, and learn, fast! Chuck didn't know Perry was ready to blast. The kid wasn't able to take that hot sucking mouth long. After

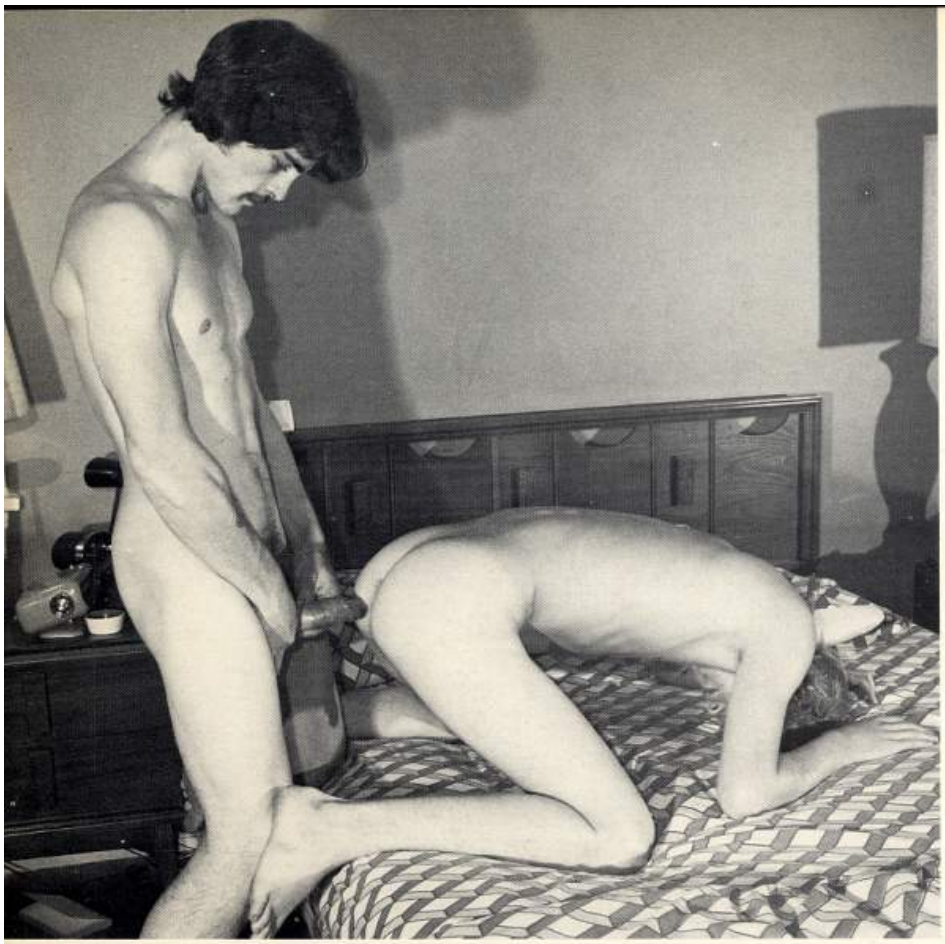




about two strokes, he filled Chuck with a hot cum load.

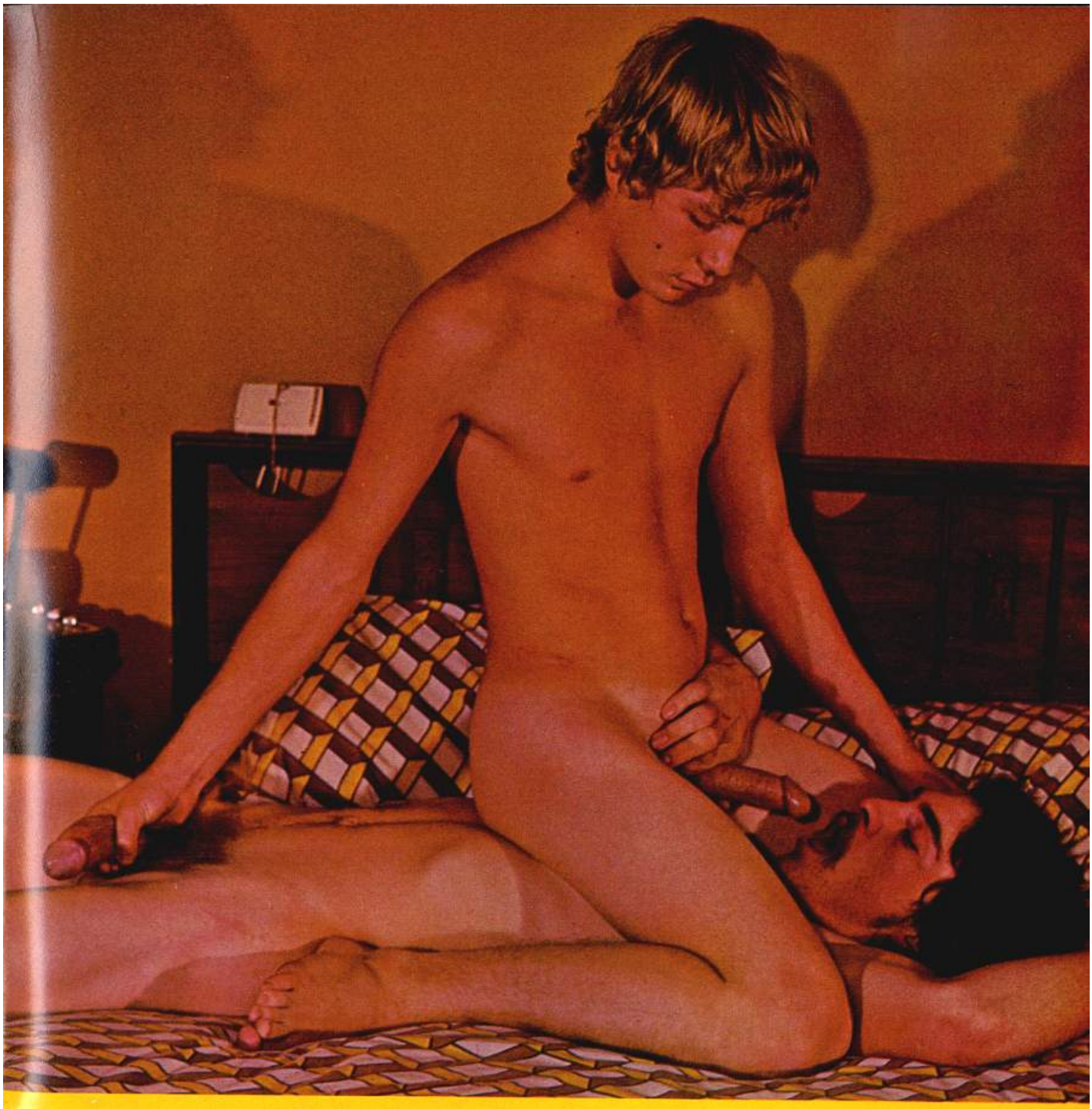
Chuck jumped up, still trembling with an intense sex heat. He hadn't gotten his nut off yet, and his cock screamed to be released. He still needed to get off, badly. He hopped out of the tub, dragging Perry with him. They dried off, then he led the boy to the bedroom. He knew the kid was really a hot number. While he was drying off the blond's cock, it sprang up in another full, stiff, hard-on. The taut stiffer poked out in front of him as they went toward the bed. Chuck sat on the edge of the bed, and began laying some fast, hot mouth action on the kid's stiff joint. It didn't take Perry very long to get right back into the action. He humped and

(Continued on Page 44)



moaned, ready to go again. It was like he hadn't shot-off in a year, instead of just a short time ago.

Chuck continued his slick mouth work. He fell back on the bed, pulling Perry with him. He flipped the kid on top of him, and kneaded the tender butt cheeks, while still sucking hard on the taut cock. Suddenly, Perry wanted a cock in his mouth, too. He moved around so he could get to Chuck's, only inches from his face. Chuck rolled off the bed, so the kid could get to his ready to explode prick, better. Just as soon as Perry really had a good lip grip on his dick, he eased himself down over the boy, so they could get in some good sixty-nine action. He bent over the boy, taking his stiff boner deep in his throat. Perry's whole body began shaking. His cock got taut



in Chuck's mouth. The kid was ready to blast again! Chuck could feel his own nuts starting to churn. He leaped up, and snapped out an order to Perry.

"FUCK ME THIS TIME----do it to my ASS-HOLE----fuck the shit outt'a it.... Ram that big dick deep in my hot gut!"

Perry quickly climbed on his hot uncle, shoving the cock in as far as he could send it. It was bigger than Chuck had thought. He tried to roll over, so he could control it, but all that action was more than Perry could take. The blond kid shot again, unloading a huge, slick load, deep in Chuck's hot, dripping ass-hole. He fell back on the bed, panting.

Chuck really needed to get off now! He jumped up and flipped the kid on his face. He climbed right on the boy, and

rammed his prick in that tight, virgin hole, as hard and fast as he could shove it. Perry screamed out in pain. Chuck was much too far gone to care. He fucked the tight, virgin hole, rough and hard. Perry's thrashing body under his, was only turning him on even more. At last, Perry's wild movements did manage to dislodge the cock, and he squeezed it out of his ass-hole. It was that final, tight squeeze that did it for Chuck. He shot his wad all over the bed sheets and all over Perry.

Finally, after pausing to get his breath, Chuck managed to rasp out to the kid.

"THERE! Now, that's your first lesson! BUT----there's going to be lots more to come. LOTS MORE!!"

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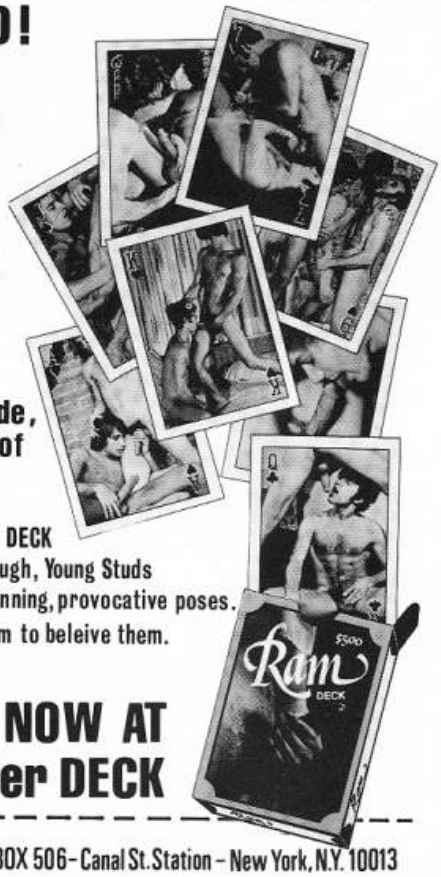

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